

it and there stood the whole Third Class, looking more important than ever a Third Class had looked before.

Nannie Miller stood in front carrying a big blue and gold jar.

"We've brought you a birthday present, Miss Mattie," said Nannie politely, "and we wish you many happy returns of the day."

Nannie felt relieved when she had got her little speech off. She had rehearsed it a great many times, but she had been afraid she would forget it at the critical moment.

"Deary me!" said Miss Mattie.

She opened the little note on the top of the rose jar and read it. Miss Wright, the teacher, had written it.

"Dear Miss Mattie," ran the note, "you have been so good to the girls and boys of the Third Class that they wish to show their gratitude by giving you this jar of potpourri. For every kindness you showed one of them a handful of roses went into the jar. The idea was their own, and I think it a very sweet one, and I am sure every breath of perfume that comes from it will speak to you of the affection and gratitude of your little friends."

"Deary me!" said Miss Mattie again. She lifted the lid of the jar and it seemed as if the room were filled with the sweetness of a hundred summers. Miss Mattie had tears in her eyes again, but they were tears of happiness. She felt lonely and sad no longer.

She made the members of the Third Class come in and treated them to cake and raspberry shrub in honor of her birthday. When they had gone she read the note again and took a long, deep sniff of her rose jar.

"The dear little souls," she said very lovingly.—Churchman.

AUNT HARRIET'S NEPHEWS.

By Carolyn Wheaton.

There was scarlet fever in the town where Clifford and Olney lived, and all the schools were closed. So, as the two boys had not been exposed to the fever, they were sent to Uncle Percy's home in another city, to go to school with their cousins.

John and Wilbur looked upon this as great good fortune, and they were in high spirits when they went to the station to meet their cousins.

Aunt Harriet, on the other hand, did not feel overjoyed at the prospect of having two more boys in the house. She wanted to please her brother, and she needed the money which he had offered to pay for his sons' board; but she did not quite see how she was going to do all the extra work they would make. John and Wilbur were not much help about the house, for they were careless, forgetful boys, and seldom remembered tasks if there was any sport on hand. But they had promised to help, and so Clifford and Olney were coming.

Aunt Harriet had not seen her nephews since they had put on trousers, and they were such bright, manly little fellows she loved them at once, and was glad she had said "Yes" to her brother's proposal.

After tea, they went upstairs with John and Wilbur, but when the dishes were ready for wiping, Clifford appeared at the kitchen door.

"Auntie," he said, "if you'll tell me where I can wash my hands, I will help you with those."

"Oh, no, dear! I can do them," his aunt objected.

"But I'd like to! I almost always wipe mother's dishes."

So Aunt Harriet and Clifford had a cozy little visit over the glass and silver and china.

Then next morning, after the four boys were off for school, Aunt Harriet went upstairs to make the beds. In the doorway of her nephews' room she stopped in amazement. The room was in perfect order, bed made, water pitcher filled, and not an article of clothing lying about. In the next room, the one that belonged to John and Wilbur, she found plenty to do. "I didn't know before that there was so much difference in boys' ways," she said to herself. "I wish mine would take lessons of Olney and Clifford."

The mother's wish actually came true, for one morning she went upstairs to find nothing to do in her boys' room. The bed wasn't made very well. It was humpy and wrinkly, and the spread was askew, but it showed the spirit of helpfulness, and it lightened the mother's heart all that day.

"I guess if Olney and Clifford can make their bed, we can," said John.

"And we're going to sweep our room, too," declared Wilbur. "Clifford says they always do at home, and won't it help you, mother, if we do?"

"Of course, it will," she assured them, "and it is good for you to know how to do all these things."

"That's what mother says," said Olney.

"I should never have thought that any of you were old enough to do them, though," confessed the mother.

"Well, we are," asserted Wilbur, "and we're going to do lots more things to help—oh, you'll see! I guess you'll be glad that Olney and Clifford came to show us how; won't you?"

"Indeed, I am," laughed their mother; but she couldn't help thinking to herself how she had dreaded their coming, never dreaming of the beautiful example they were going to set her own boys.—The Morning Star.

WHERE PUSSY RECEIVED HER NAME.

Did you ever think why we call the cat "puss"? A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who had many idols, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full, and sometimes only a bright little crescent, or half-moon, as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change? These people made an idol with a cat's head, and named it Pasht, the same name they gave to the moon; for the word means the face of the moon.

The word has been changed to "pas," and finally "puss," the name which almost everyone gives to the cat. "Puss" and "pussy cat" are pet names for kitty everywhere.—Youth's Instructor.

"A great life is no accident." "Every man owes a great deal to the right use of his formative years."